

made some semi-facetious remarks about the impossibility of air-ships, quoting the verse which says that the Lord has given the earth to man, but that He has reserved the heavens for Himself. The service, as a whole, was helpful and I felt the better for it.

In the afternoon we attended service at the Cathedral. That was my first service in a real cathedral. This is one of the ancient cathedrals of England and one of the noted ones. Of course it was built by the Roman Catholics, as were practically all the cathedrals of England, but since the days of Henry VIII. it has belonged to the Church of England. They went through the regular Episcopal service on Sunday afternoon, but the dean and the canon intoned the service in a way that I had never heard before and in a way that I did not like. It was so much mummerly to me. There was no attempt at preaching. The music was very sweet and beautiful. I never knew that boys could sing as those boys of the vested choir sang that afternoon. Besides the cathedral there are at least a dozen other Established Churches in Chester. I am afraid they are not affecting the lives of the Chester people as they ought. I am afraid also that the same things can be said of churches of all denominations in America. I asked the clerk at the hotel, a very intelligent woman, how many Established Churches there are in Chester. She replied: "More than a dozen and I don't know that the people are any the better off for them. You know they say Chester is a place of churches and public houses (saloons)." But the saloons are everywhere in this kingdom. They are in Presbyterian Scotland.

In the evening I attended the Presbyterian Church. They have about one hundred and fifty members and a good preacher. When we remember that our Confession and Catechisms were made in England it is strange when we see how little headway Presbyterianism has made in England. There are not a hundred thousand communicants of the Presbyterian Church in the whole of England. There are more even in Ireland. I very soon discovered that I was in a Presbyterian Church. There was the same simple dignity about the service that we find in the Presbyterian Church in America. The singing was fine. The minister is Rev. Frank W. Anderson. He has a Scotch accent and wears a Scotch gown, as all Presbyterian ministers do over there, and he preached a good sermon. He used manuscript and used it well. I rather like a manuscript if a minister has a good literary style. But it is difficult to grip and hold an audience with a manuscript. However, I am convinced that there is a difference between audiences here and audiences in America. Here they expect the minister to feed them. In America they expect the minister to feed them and keep them awake, too.

My letter would not be complete without a reference to my visit to the home and grave and monument of Matthew Henry, the great preacher and commentator. Twenty-five of the twenty-seven years of his ministry were spent in Chester. He was ordained in London and came immediately to Chester. That was in 1687. He continued in Chester until

1712, when he went to the Hackney Church in London. He died June 22, 1714. The verdict of any one who will read carefully the story of his life and labors will be that he worked himself to death. He died before he had reached his fifty-second year. I remember to have read his life some years ago, and the one thing that struck me most about him was the tremendous energy of the man. A casual examination of his commentaries alone will give an idea of how he must have worked. I believe every minister ought to own his commentaries, even if they were written two hundred years ago. For my own part, I have never seen a commentary that was more suggestive or more devotional.

I went to his grave in Trinity Church. I have not yet been able to understand why he should be buried in the Church of England. He was certainly ordained by the Presbyterians and preached the Presbyterian faith, though he did consider seriously the question as to whether he should receive the Episcopal or Presbyterian ordination. As a matter of fact, he chose the latter.

In 1860 the people of Chester erected a handsome monument to his memory in one of the most conspicuous places in the city. The house that he lived in is still pointed out to the visitor. It is a modest but comfortable looking building. In these latter days it has been very much shut in by other buildings which come right up against it.

I have recently heard an interesting story about Matthew Henry's mother. Before she married Philip Henry she was Miss Catherine Matthews. Her father objected to the marriage, saying that while Mr. Henry was a good man and gave fair promise of being a good minister, they did not know where he came from. "Very true," replied Miss Catherine, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." She went.

I wish I could tell of our trip on Monday to Eaton Hall, the vast and beautiful estate of the Duke of Westminster, and to Hawarden, the home of William E. Gladstone. The old Church at Hawarden was especially interesting. It is the Church in which Mr. Gladstone always worshipped. We were shown the seat in which he always sat. We saw also the beautiful recumbent statues of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, which are over on the west side of the Church, and then there is a mural tablet to his memory on which are written sentiments taken from his public utterances. Here is the one that struck me most: "All I write and all I think, and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race."

My next letter will probably be from Scotland.

Walter L. Lingle.

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How can we say, "Thine is the kingdom" if we are not loyal to the King? How can we say, "Thine is the power" if we are powerless? How can we say, "Thine is the glory" if our lives are dull and lustreless? If our prayers are to have any meaning there must be something more than a form of words in them.